

## Short Poetic Dream 20201224052105373424

Texts Used: The Wasteland by T.S. Eliot

This text was remixed using a “Dream Filter”, or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,

or with his nails hell dig it up again!

so rudely forced; yet there the nightingale

filled all the desert with inviolable voice

mame Sosostriis, famous clairvoyante,

had a bad cold, nevertheless

is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

we think of the key, each in his prison

thinking of the key, each confirms a prison

only at nightfall, thieral rumours

what are the roots that clutch, what branches grow

out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,  
or in memories draped by the beneficent spider  
or under seals broken by the lean solicitor  
i never know what you are thinking. Think.  
i think we are in rats alley  
sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.  
the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,  
lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
memory and desire, stirring  
revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus  
crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.  
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i never know what you are thinking. Think.  
i think we are in rats alley  
where the dead men lost their bones.  
and here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,  
which is blank, is something he carries on his back,  
which I am forbidden to see. I do not find  
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lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
memory and desire, stirring  
dull roots with spring rain.

i never know what you are thinking. Think.

i think we are in rats alley

prison and palace and reverberation

of thunder of spring over distant mountains

or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,

we think of the key, each in his prison

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only at nightfall, thieral rumours

she turns and looks a moment in the glass,

hardly aware of her departed lover;  
her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:  
crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.  
sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.  
the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,  
what are the roots that clutch, what branches grow  
out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,  
mame Sosotris, famous clairvoyante,  
had a bad cold, nevertheless  
thinking of the key, each confirms a prison  
only at nightfall, therial rumours  
revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus  
footsteps shuffled on the stair.  
under the firelight, under the brush, her hair  
spread out in fiery points  
revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus  
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myata: The boat responded  
lilacs out of the dead land, mixing  
memory and desire, stirring  
in the faint moonlight, the grass is singing  
over the tumbled graves, about the chapel

Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.

o the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter

or in memories draped by the beneficent spider

or under seals broken by the lean solicitor

in our empty rooms

Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.

o the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter

and on her daughter

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends

we think of the key, each in his prison

thinking of the key, each confirms a prison

only at nightfall, thieral rumours

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.

but at my back in a cold blast I hear

revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

she turns and looks a moment in the glass,

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her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:  
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memory and desire, stirring

dull roots with spring rain.

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in the faint moonlight, the grass is singing

over the tumbled graves, about the chapel

there is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.

in the faint moonlight, the grass is singing

over the tumbled graves, about the chapel

i never know what you are thinking. Think.

i think we are in rats alley

where the dead men lost their bones.

or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,

or in memories draped by the beneficent spider

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myata: The boat responded

what are the roots that clutch, what branches grow

out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,

you cannot say, or guess, for you know only

in the faint moonlight, the grass is singing

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there is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.

footsteps shuffled on the stair.

under the firelight, under the brush, her hair

she turns and looks a moment in the glass,

hardly aware of her departed lover;

her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:

he passed the stages of his age and youth

entering the whirlpool.

gentile or Jew

crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

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he who was living is now dead

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sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.  
but at my back in a cold blast I hear  
the rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.

the river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,

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and on her daughter

they wash their feet in so water

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entering the whirlpool.

gentile or Jew

so rudely forced; yet there the nightingale

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and still she cried, and still the world pursues,

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gentile or Jew

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